Is brought to passe vnder the colour of fortune.
Telling. Come downe you witch, come downe.

Enter Falstaffe disguised like an old woman, and misteris Page with him, Ford beates him, and hee runnes away.

Away you witch get you gone. (indeed,
Sir *Hu.* By Ieshu I verily thinke she is a witch
I espied vnder her mufler a great beard.
Ford. Pray come helpe me to search, pray now.
Pa. Come weele go for his minds sake.

Exit omnes.

Mi.For. By my troth he beat him most extreamly.
Mi.Pa. I am glad of it, what shall we proceed any further?
Mi.For. No faith, now if you will let vs tell our husbands of it. For mine I am sure hath almost fretted himselfe to death.
Mi. Pa. Content, come weele goe tell them all,
And as they agree, so will we proceed. *Exit both.*

Enter Host and Bardolfe.

Bar. Syr heere be three Gentlemen come from the Duke the Stanger sir, would haue your horse.
Host. The Duke, what Duke? let me speake with the Gentlemen, do they speake English?
Bar. Ile call them to you sir.
Host. No *Bardolfe*, let them alone, Ile sauce them:
They haue had my house a weeke at command,
I haue turned away my other guesse,
They shall haue my horses *Bardolfe*,
They must come off, Ile sawce them. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Ford, Page, their wiues, Shallow, and Slender. Syr Hu.

Ford. Well wife, heere take my hand, vpon my soule I loue thee dearer then I do my life, and ioy I hnue so true and constant wife, my iealousie shall neuer more offend thee.
Mi. For. Sir I am glad, & that which I haue done,
Was nothing else but mirth and modestie.
Pa. I misteris *Ford*, *Falstaffe* hath all the griefe,
And in this knauerie my wife was the chiefe.
Mi.Pa. No knauery husband, it was honest mirth.
Hu. Indeed it was good pastimes & merriments.
Mis.For. But sweete heart shall wee leaue olde *Falstaffe* so?
Mis.Pa. O by no meanes, send to him againe.
Pa. I do not thinke heele come being so much deceiued.
For. Let me alone, Ile to him once againe like *Brooke*, and know his mind whether heele come or not. (come.
Pa. There must be some plot laide, or heele not
Mis.Pa. Let vs alone for that. Heare my deuice.
Oft haue you heard since *Horne* the hunter dyed,
That women to affright their litle children,
Ses that he walkes in shape of a great stagge.
Now for that *Falstaffe* hath bene so deceiued,
As that he dares not venture to the house,
Weele send him word to meet vs in the field,
Disguised like *Horne*, with huge horns on his head,
The houre shalbe iust betweene twelue and one,
And at that time we will meet him both:
Then would I haue you present there at hand,
With litle boyes disguised and dressed like Fayries,
For to affright fat *Falstaffe* in the woods.